The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. II. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1894. No. 8

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

CONTENTS OF NO. 8.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN 89
NEW YEAR'S SERMON 89
THE STILL HOUR 91
THE BIBLE CLASS 92
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL 95
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 96
MISCELLANEOUS 104

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Father, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with thee!
Another year of leaning
Upon thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face.
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning!
Dear Father, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

People argue sometimes as to whether this is a good world or not. Some say yes, others say no; but, really, the world is neither good nor bad. It has no moral character whatever. One might as well argue about the character of a man's body apart from his soul as to argue about the character of the world apart from God. He is the only power outside ourselves; his is the only will besides our own; in him the various forces of nature, apparently aimless, conflicting, and irresponsible, find unity and harmony, and work together for certain definite results. The old Hebrew said for righteousness, the Christian says for good. From his will proceed endless chains of causes and effects that reach our lives and touch them from day to day, like thousands of electric cables between ourselves and him. On one day they bring us sunshine, on another rain. One day they bring us anxiety, another day they bring us peace; to-day adversity, to-morrow prosperity, perhaps; we do not know. All that we do know is that we have a right to expect good things of him who maketh "his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and unjust"; of him who giveth certain good things to men quite independently of their own efforts or their own deserving. There are many kinds of blessings which God scatters freely, as with a liberal hand which never stops to measure them or weigh them: of these we may certainly expect our share. Time will not bring them, but God will. We may reasonably expect that God will send us food and shelter and friends and work to do, with some sunny days and pleasant hours here and there. We may even hope that during the coming year he may drop some unexpected blessings upon our pathway. There is no harm in such a hope as that, if it makes life easier

and brighter, and if we do not set our heart too much upon uncertainties, and thus form the habit of expecting everything from God and nothing from ourselves. But this raises the question, Are we justified in expecting much from ourselves? As I ask it, I seem to see the older people shake their heads, and to hear the younger ones answer with an exultant "yes." That is the difference between youth and age. Faith in one's self is doubtless the hardest faith of all to keep. But if in the earlier part of life people expect too much of themselves, in the latter part they are inclined to expect too little. They say to themselves, I have seen too many years come and go: I am no longer able to believe that the future will differ from the past. Yet those same people, looking backward over the departed years, will find the past very beautiful, or seem to find it so.

But I say again that they ought to expect much of themselves, and they would if they had not formed the habit of regarding time as a reality, and of attaching too much importance to those little words "old" and "new." They call themselves old; but why should they? They ought not to be old. If they are, it is their own fault. The man or woman who lives rightly never grows old, any more than God does. Our bodies grow old, their vigor departs, and they must be treated carefully; but our bodies are not ourselves. The soul should be forever young: it has nothing to do with time. The soul of a man should grow stronger and more vigorous as his body decays, and it often does. The lives of the best men and women are in a very real sense a preparation for eternity. As we watch such lives, we sometimes see, even in this world, the meaning of Paul's words about putting off the corruptible and putting on the incorruptible, putting off the mortal and putting on immortality. We see the physical life with its belongings becoming less and less important, and the spiritual life becoming more and more important to such people as the days go by. There is this one thing at least which we may expect of ourselves, indefinitely: the thing for which we can never be too old is moral and spiritual development. There comes a day,—luckily we know not just when it comes,—but there comes a day when the development of the body ceases; when, physically speaking, we cease to grow, and begin to decay. Sooner or later we become aware that we are not so young as we were, that we cannot do the things which once we could.

Blessed is the man who at such a time can honestly say: "I do not greatly care. My life no longer consists in these things. My joy and peace no longer depend upon the power to do them. I have entered a little way into that life which is free from, and independent of, the things of sense and time; and I will press on." That man has already begun to put on immortality. He is beginning to see that time is a fiction, and that eternity alone is real. Then the meaning and purpose of life unfolds itself, and it no longer seems to be a mere chapter of accidents or a succession of useless struggles. Then he sees, as he has never seen before, that his activity, and the activity of other men, are as nothing, either in purpose or in result, to the activity of that infinite power which is above all things and beneath all and within all,—that power not of ourselves which men call the will of God. That man's life, I tell you, is full of expectation. Yet he expects nothing of time. What can time bring to him that he desires to have? A little rest, perhaps, a little honor, a little recognition of his labors, if they have been worthy of recognition; but what else? Only a slow fading away and a final extinction of his physical energies, only an increasing number of vacancies in the little circle of his family and friends, until his own place is vacant also, and his voice, like theirs, is hushed in eternal silence. This is all that time can bring to the man who finds that he is growing old. But is this all that he has a right to hope for or to expect? By no means. Time can do little or nothing for him; but God can do everything, and he feels an increasing confidence that God will. Men begin to call him old, but he does not care. He has just discovered how young he is; and he waits patiently for the day when, shaking himself clear of the last remnants of his out-grown and outworn mortality, he shall be clothed upon with the garments of eternal light. Until, at last, on some bright morning, his dust returns to dust in the earth from whence it came, and his spirit is with the God who

gave it. "Beloved," said John, the patriarch, in his epistle addressed to all the churches, "I give you no new commandment, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning. Yet, again, it is a new commandment, because the darkness is past and the true light now shineth." The new hope and the new commandment which he had received from the Master in his long past boyhood are an old hope and an old commandment to him now. They had been his meat and his drink, his burden and his joy, for fifty years or more. They were old, and yet they were forever new. Men called him old. They spoke of him as "John the aged." His hair was white: his eyes were dim. The voice of Boanerges, the son of Thunder, as Jesus had called him in his youth, was weak and low. Men watched the tottering steps of the once eager and impetuous son of Zebedee with pity, yet with reverence. He was so old that all men seemed to him like little children, and he himself seemed to himself like a little child. What could he know? What could he care about things old or new? What was time to him? He was already living in eternity. His life was "hid with Christ in God." My friends, the new year brings us no new commandment, but the old commandments which we have heard from the beginning. Life is the same, duty is the same as it ever was, but life is good, and duty pleasant if we make it so; AND OUR GOD IS A FRIEND WHO NEVER GROWS OLD. Let us look for newness of life, not to the almanac, but to ourselves, in whom there are eternal powers and possibilities, and to the Eternal Friend from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.—*Hobart Clark.*

THE STILL HOUR.

NOT KNOWING.

I know not what will befall me!
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And thus at each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes arise,
And every joy he sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread on, another year;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future his mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think;
And the Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be he keeps waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh, restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know:
It stills me in those mighty arms
Which will not let me go,
And sweetly hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on not knowing:
I would not if I might.
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose.
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered word, "He knows."

— *Selected.*

As soon as you awake in the morning try to realize God stretching forth his hand toward you, and saying, "Dost thou really desire that I should watch over thee this day?" And you, lift up your hands toward this kind Father, and say to him: "Yes, yes, lead me, guide me, love me. I will be very submissive!"

Beneath God's protecting hand is it possible that you can be sorrowful, fearful, unhappy?

No; God will allow no suffering, no trial above what you are able to bear.

Then pass through the day quietly and calmly, even as when, a little child, you had your mother always beside you.

You need only to be careful about *one* thing, *never to displease God;* and you will see how lovingly God will direct all that concerns you, — material interests, sym-

pathies, worldly cares,—you will be astonished at the sudden enlightenment that will come to you, and the wondrous peace that will result from your labor and your toil.

Then welcome trial, sickness, privations, injustice. All of it can only come directed by God's hand, and will wound the soul only in order to cleanse some spot within.

If your duty is hard, owing either to its difficulty or the distaste you feel toward it, lift your heart to God, and say, "Lord, help me," then go on with it, even though you seem to do it imperfectly.

You who have no longer a mother to love you, and yet crave for love, God will be as a mother; you who have no brother to help you, and have so much need of support, God will be your brother; you who have no friends to comfort you, and stand so much in need of consolation, God will be your friend.

Preserve always the *childlike simplicity* which goes direct to God, and speak to him as you would speak to your mother.

Keep that open *confidence* that tells him your projects, troubles, joys, as you tell them to a brother.

Cherish those *loving words* that speak of all the happiness you feel, living in dependence upon him, and trusting in his love, just as you would tell it to the friend of your childhood.

Keep the *generous heart of childhood*, which gives all you have to God. Let him freely take whatever he pleases, all within and around you, will only what he wills, desiring only what is in accordance with his will, and finding nothing impossible that he commands.

Do you not feel something soothing and consoling in these thoughts? The longer you live, the better you will understand that true happiness is only to be found in a life devoted to God, and given up entirely to his guidance.

No! no! none can harm you unless it be God's will, and, if he allows it, be patient and humble. Weep if your heart is sore, but love always, and wait. . . . The trial will pass away, but God will remain yours forever.—*Gold Dust.*

There are heart and brain defects as well as physical; and they call for gentle, considerate treatment.

THE BIBLE CLASS.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

(Continued.)

But, again, how can we believe that Jesus was tempted at all? According to other passages in the New Testament, we are taught that temptation comes from within, that it is the weakness or tendency to evil in the heart that causes the sin, the outer circumstances are only the occasion. Must we not, then, admit that Jesus was not really tempted as we are, or else that he cannot be regarded as perfectly free from a tendency to sin?

This difficulty, however, vanishes, upon reflection.

There are two kinds of sins; that is, there are things which are *wrong in themselves*, others which are wrong *under the circumstances*. For instance, a man may desire strongly to go as a missionary to some savage tribe, or a young girl may wish to devote herself to a life of nursing the sick poor, like Sister Dora; and it may be wrong to yield to these wishes. The man may have a family dependent on him, whom he would be wrong to leave to the care of others. The young woman may have an invalid parent or little brothers and sisters, who need her care at home. The *desire* to devote one's self to missionary work does not show any wrong tendency: to yield to it may, under some circumstances, be wrong. This distinction may be carried into the small details of daily life. You or I may wish to attend a Bible class or a lecture, and may be detained at home by domestic duties. But the *wish* to enjoy the benefit of the Bible study or the lecture cannot be considered wrong in itself.

There are other things that are wrong *per se*,—always wrong and under all circumstances. Malice, covetousness, fraud, revenge, irritable and unkind words, self-indulgence at the expense of the rights of others,—these things are wrong in themselves; and the mere wish to commit these sins argues a wrong tendency in us, a degree of depravity or of moral weakness.*

*See, on this point, "Deacon Herbert's Bible-class," chapter on "The Temptation of Jesus," by James Freeman Clarke.

We will now consider in turn the nature of the three temptations. They may be classified in three different ways, as thus: —

1. Hunger for the full enjoyment of life.
2. Love of fame.
3. Desire for power and influence.

Or

1. Self-development.
2. The desire to be understood.
3. Desire of accomplishment, or the temptation of expedience.

Or

1. Temptations of the flesh.
2. Of the world.
3. Of the devil.

Or

1. Temptations of the organization.
2. Temptations from outward circumstances.
3. Subtle spiritual temptations.

We may believe that all the temptations of life are included in this experience of Jesus.*

1. The first temptation is the desire to turn stones into bread. What was the temptation? Why was it wrong to turn stones into bread? Has the story a literal or only a figurative significance?

Perhaps it is to be taken *both* literally and figuratively. The stories of Jesus and his sayings often seem to have meaning within meaning. There may have been real hunger, and yet a feeling that it was an unworthy beginning of his ministry for others to use his powers for a personal end. But this seems the least important part of the story. It was not only physical hunger that Jesus felt: there are other appetites as innocent and natural as this. There is a hunger of the mind, of the heart, of the ideal nature. We all feel this hunger: the higher the organization, the more keenly is it felt. That Jesus, with his rare gifts and powers, felt it more strongly than any one else could do seems only natural. Jesus loved nature; he retired again and again to the mountain top; he dwelt upon the beauty of the field lily; he spoke tenderly of the sparrow. And we see how strong and tender were his affections. "Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." John was "the disciple whom Jesus loved." But who was ever called to a great work who was not at the same time required to sacrifice the innocent enjoyments of friendship, society, nature, culture of the artistic and intellectual powers, to one great object? Here is the deep truth seen by Jesus,—that we live by obedience, self-sacrifice, renunciation, more fully than by self-culture and development; for the spiritual life is fed and quickened when we deny ourselves for some great end, and, if we trust our education to God, he will do more for us than we can do for ourselves.

2. The second temptation is deeply interesting. In one form, it may be called love of display, of praise of approbation. But there is an innocent desire to be seen as we are, to have our powers recognized,—not for the sake of the honor that accrues to us, but that we may be useful to others. If we long to make our little talents of use to men in our day and generation, how must it have been with Jesus, who brought to the world the greatest gift ever bestowed on man, and longed with all the strength of that tender heart to bestow this blessing on good and evil alike,—the saint and sinner,—the Jew and Roman, the innocent child and the abandoned woman. Do men not often see how, by placing themselves *on a pinnacle*, they can win the attention they need for an important message? A sensational *means* not for a self-seeking but a useful end. This is the temptation on the pinnacle.

Light is thrown on this passage, if we refer to rabbinic belief in regard to the Messiah. The rabbis taught that the Messiah would appear standing on the roof of the temple. We quote the following passages from Edersheim: —

"In whatever manner negative critics may seek to account for the introduction of Christ's temptation at the commencement of his ministry, it cannot have been derived from Jewish legend. The 'mythical' interpretation of the gospel narratives breaks down in this almost more manifestly than in any other instance. So far from any idea obtaining that Satan was to assault the Messiah, in a well-known passage the arch-enemy is represented as overwhelmed, and falling on his face at sight of him, and owning his complete defeat. On another

*See a very remarkable sermon, by J. H. Thom, in his book "Christ the Revealer," called "Christ tempted in All Points as we are."

point in this history we find the same inversion of thought current in Jewish legend. In the Commentary just referred to the placing of Messiah on the pinnacle of the temple, so far from being of Satanic temptation, is said to mark the hour of deliverance, of Messianic proclamation, and of Gentile voluntary submission. 'Our rabbis give this tradition: In the hour when King Messiah cometh, he standeth upon the roof of the Sanctuary, and proclaims to Israel, saying, Ye poor (*i.e.* suffering), the time of your redemption draweth nigh. And if ye believe, rejoice in My Light, which is risen upon you, . . . Isa. lx. 1, . . . upon you only. . . . Isa. lx. 2. . . . In that hour will the Holy One, blessed be his Name, make the Light of the Messiah and of Israel to shine forth; and all shall come to the Light of the King Messiah and of Israel, as it is written. . . . Isa. lx. 3. . . . And they shall come and lick the dust from under the feet of the King Messiah, as it is written, Isa. xlix. 23. . . . And all shall come and fall on their faces before Messiah and before Israel, and say, We will be servants to Him and to Israel.' . . .

"Jesus stands on the lofty pinnacle of the tower or of the temple porch, presumably that on which every day a priest was stationed to watch, as the pale morning light passed over the hills of Judea far off to Hebron, to announce it as the signal for offering the morning sacrifice. If we might indulge our imagination, the moment chosen would be just as the priest had quitted that station. The first desert temptation had been in the gray of breaking light, when to the faint and weary looker the stones of the wilderness seemed to take fantastic shapes, like the bread for which the faint body hungered. In the next temptation Jesus stands on the watch post which the white-robed priest has just quitted. Fast the rosy morning light, deepening into crimson and edged with gold, is spreading over the land. In the priests' court below him the morning sacrifice has been offered. The massive temple gates are slowly opening, and the blast of the priests' silver trumpets is summoning Israel to begin a new day by appearing before their Lord. Now, then, let him descend, Heaven-borne, into the midst of priests and people. What shouts of acclamation would greet his appearance! What homage of worship would be his! The goal can at once be reached, and that at the head of believing Israel."

The third temptation, the most subtle of all and hardest to resist, seems to be the desire to yield a little to expediency, in order to accomplish some great good. Though, in the story, Christ knows the tempter for what he is, yet to those whose spiritual eye is less clear and the heart less pure, he scarcely seems to be the devil at all. On these occasions he comes as an angel of light, offering the kingdoms of the world to those who will yield a little to expediency,— not untruth, only silence; not injustice, but merely the postponement of perfect justice. At such times the tempter whispers: "Wait a little: do not speak just yet. By seeking too much you will lose all." Is it too bold a suggestion that Jesus, by a little temporizing with the priestly party, by merely waiting until his ground was more sure, by remaining silent in regard to the rights of Roman and Samaritan, by repressing the impulse which caused him to drive from the temple court the money-changing Jews who had taken from the Gentiles the only place where they were permitted to remain in those sacred precincts,— might have gained the opportunity that he needed of uniting under the Roman Empire all the nations of the world in a purer religion, of making his own nation the teachers of this spiritual religion to the whole human race, and, on the other hand, of avoiding the long ages of cruelty, superstition, sin, and suffering, which were the inevitable result of the failure of the Jews to rise to the occaion, and seize this greatest of all great opportunities?

How strong and pure must the spirit have been that could recognize the evil in this temptation, and cast it behind him!

L. F. C.

[I will *lend* the book by Thom, "Christ the Revealer," referred to above; also Martineau's "Endeavors after the Christian Life," where the sermon on "The Sorrow with Downward Look" bears on this subject; also "Deacon Herbert's Bible-class," also referred to. No brief article can possibly do justice to the important passage which is the subject of this lesson. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.]

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

WHAT SHALL WE PLAY TO-DAY?

Sixth Paper.

Well, we may take for to-day an occupation which has fascination for many besides mere children, on account of the beautiful designs and the uses to which the work may be put. This is Froebel's eleventh gift, called "perforating," or "pricking." The materials needed are a pad nine inches square, a pricking-needle, firm but flexible white paper, *and* a design. The best pad is of binders' board, one side of which must be covered with three layers of cotton batting, and the whole encased in coarse gray flannel drawn smooth and tight, and firmly over-edged. The pricking-needle is a common, rather coarse needle, set in a handle three inches long, and a trifle larger than a lead-pencil. The paper may be cut any size, square or oblong; but I should say not *less* than four inches square nor *more* than seven. Now, any ingenious mother can *approximate* to these materials, surely.

Any pleasing little picture that is not valued for itself, and of clear-cut outlines, not very elaborate in detail, will do for a design. Lay the paper upon the pad, place the picture upon it, and, with the needle held perpendicularly to the pad, prick the principal lines of the picture, making the holes close together, and doing the work with firm but not too heavy a touch. Trace in this way everything that you wish reproduced, and then lift the picture from the pad, and, lo! you have a "pricking."

It must be remembered that *school* methods of treating this gift are, or should be, very different from these which I suggest to overtaxed mothers for their little ones in the nursery. There are four subdivisions under this general head, which may be classified as (1) conventional, (2) picture, (3) embossing, (4) outlined work. As the latter is intimately connected with the twelfth gift, I will revert to it later. One word as to the embossing. Fruit or animal designs are desirable, as they show distinctly. After the outline has been made, the work is completed by turning the paper and pricking the principal figures entirely full of holes. This, of course, gives them a "raised" appearance. A little experimenting and practice will insure success with this pleasing work, different bits of which may be made into cards to be suspended on silk threads against the windows, blotter covers, book marks, hair receivers, and cornucopias for various uses, souvenir booklets, etc. The children will find innumerable ways of using them: they might even paper the play-house with embossed paper. How elegant that would be!

ANNIE SWAYZE BRECK.

Will you admit an old maid into the Mothers' Council? You know the old proverb, "Batchelors' wives and maidens' children are well trained." Of course, I have none of my own; but I am the proud aunt of several, and have had a good deal to do with their training. I agree with the correspondent who said children should be governed by reason instead of authority,—at least, I believe in that as far as it is practicable. I would always try to made a child *wish to do right* instead of making it afraid to do wrong; but, when a child cannot or will not see the reason of a request or a prohibition, when love and reason are appealed to in vain, then I believe that it is for a child's truest happiness to feel that it is guided by a firm hand which *must be obeyed*. There is no need of severity: a little patience and *self-control* will work wonders. A child soon learns that it must obey, and not only respects, but loves better, a parent or teacher who can govern it than one from whom it expects only weak indulgence.

We cannot always tell children our reasons. I have found that a child will usually trust me if I say, "I have a reason that I cannot tell you," or "You cannot understand now: you will learn when you are older." But if, from want of early training, he refuses to obey, or insists, as some children will, that he is right and every one else wrong, I impress upon him in some way that he *must* obey, until he gives proof of being able to govern himself.

Perhaps you think that I have said enough for an old maid; but now I want to ask counsel of some one who has had experience with younger children than I have. What shall we do with biting, scratching, and pinching, those sad propensities which seem to indicate our descent from the lower

animals, and that the animal nature is the first to develop? and, oh! how deal with *deceit*, that sharp-toothed little fox, which has spoiled so many tender vines? I never see what I believe to be the first deceit of a child's life, whether spoken or acted, without feeling as I imagine that Eve's guardian angel felt when he saw her pluck the forbidden fruit. Truly, there is a "primal fall," and it takes place the first time that a child consciously sins. O. M.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. J. B. Millet, 150 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.*]

GENERAL INFORMATION FOR GIVERS AND RECEIVERS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.— Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all* books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Millet, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Millet, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The Cambridge Branch will send a year's back numbers of *Life*. Address Mrs. Wm. Cook, 71 Appleton Street, Cambridge.

The South Congregational Branch will send "The Man without a Country," by Rev. E. E. Hale, to any man or boy applying for it. Address Miss Georgiana Merrill, 34 Linwood Street, Roxbury, Mass.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is offered by Miss Josephine Forbush, 369 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Henry C. Weston, 177 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., will give and send the following books: "Life of John Quincy Adams," Quincy; Lives of Madison and Monroe, Adams; "Wealth of Nations," Adam Smith; "Atlantic Essays," "Outdoor Papers," Higginson; "Quentin Durward," "Lady of the Lake," Scott; Rogers's "Table Talk"; "Essays of a Country Parson," Boyd; "To Cuba and Back," Dana; "Four in France," Reynold; Livermore's Commentary on Acts; "Continental Sketches," H. P. Arnold; Hayden's "Guitar Method"; "Othello," Shakspeare; "Popular Quotations"; "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff"; and the following novels: "The Right Honorable," Justin McCarthy; "The Cliff-dwellers," Fuller; "Tale of Two Cities," Dickens; "Two Chiefs of Dunboy," Froude; "God's Fool," Maartens; "East Lynne," Mrs. Wood; "Paul Patoff," Crawford; "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Ward; "When a Man's Single"; "The Little Minister," Barrie; "Gallegher, and Other Stories," R. H. Davis; "Donovan," Edna Lyall; "Children of Gibeon," Besant; "Katia," "The Cossacks," Tolstoï; "Three Miss Kings," Cambridge; "Danvers Jewels," "Sir Charles Danvers," Mary Cholmondeley; "Kidnapped," Stevenson; "Three Burglars," Frank Stockton; "Eugene Aram," "Strange Story," "Disowned," Bulwer; "Looking Backward," Bellamy.

I have "She loved a Sailor," by Mrs. Barr, also "The Flight of the Shadow," by George MacDonald, which I would be glad to send to one of your shut-ins. Mrs. Theodore Schultz, Walpole, New Hampshire.

I offer to those who can send postage the following books, all nicely bound: The tract, "Blessed Be Drudgery"; "The Seven Golden Candlesticks" (a religious book); Sheldon's "Object Lessons"; Zähner's "Ger-

man-English Dictionary"; Tennyson's "Poetical Works"; "A Fool's Errand"; "The Monitor of Health"; "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden"; "Heroes and Hero-worship," Carlyle; Dana's "Geology." Mrs. George W. Wright, 7 South Tremont Street, Denver, Colorado.

Youth's Companion, 1891 and 1892; *Century*, 1893; *Lend a Hand*, 1893; *Harper's Bazar*, April to October, 1893; the *Unitarian*, January to July, 1893; "Story of Chinese Gordon"; "Two Soldiers of Dunraven Ranch," Charles King; "Knight Errant," Edna Lyall. Offered by Miss Louise Howe, Linden Place, Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, Dorchester, Mass., offers "Blessed be Drudgery," and "The Sparrow's Fall," by the same author; also a quantity of odd numbers of agricultural papers and magazines.

The current numbers of *Scientific American* and *Harper's Weekly* are offered by Miss M. D. Clapp, Hotel Vendôme, Boston, Mass. Miss Clapp also offers "Home Life," by J. F. W. Ware.

Miss Dresel, 328 Beacon Street, Boston, will send Drummond's "Addresses" (containing among others the "Greatest Thing in the World" and "Pax Vobiscum") to any one applying until the copies she has on hand gives out. She also offers to some young person wishing to learn to draw a set of progressive studies in figure-drawing, about twelve books for copying, no text. These are not suitable to a mere beginner, but excellent for some one who has already had a little experience.

Miss R. O. Sheldon, 219 Hope Street, Providence, Rhode Island, offers Leighton's "History of Rome," "The Faith that makes Faithful," "The Silent Pastor," J. F. W. Ware; and some religious books, such as Bellows's "Restatements of Christian Doctrine," which would be useful to a minister or divinity student.

I have the following books which I would be glad to send to any one desiring them: "Opening a Chestnut Burr," Roe; "Averil," Cary; "Under the Limes"; "The Burnt Million," Payn; "John Holdsworth," Russell; "Peg Woffington," C. Reade; "Doris Fortune," Warden. (Miss) Blanche A. Tuck, Holloway, North Carolina.

Dear Mrs. Millet,— In response to my request in the November *Cheerful Letter* for a work on book-keeping, I received a book from a Miss A. E. Howard. I have forgotten where her home is, so cannot write to thank her personally. Will you put my thanks in the Book Club of *The Cheerful Letter?* Florence Criste, Madisonville, Ohio.

In a letter received from Mrs. Charles T. Lewis of Dade City, Florida, she says, "Little Ben (Grey) received quite an interesting book from Miss Young, 'Child's Book of Nature.' He is charmed with it, and ashamed of not thanking her more promptly; but midst the confusion incident to house-cleaning the address has been lost. He says, 'Won't you please thank her through *The Cheerful Letter*, and say how very much he likes it?' This week he has received through some unknown and unnamed friend or friends a pamphlet, "Selections from the *Youth's Companion*, and several copies of *Golden Days* for 1891, for all of which he is most grateful. I see from *Cheerful Letter* several asking for "Henrietta's Wish." I have a copy of it, and would be glad to send it. Also a little one-syllable book, "Evenings at Home," some child would like."

Mrs. W. W. Rice, 9 Bowdoin Street, Worcester, Mass., will send the following books and pamphlets to any one who would like to have them: "Day unto Day"; "Channing's Thoughts," selected by Henry A. Miles; pamphlets: "Blessed be Drudgery," W. C. Gannett; "Sermon in the Hospital," Harriet E. H. King; "Forms, Creeds, the Spirit," "Evil," "Sympathy," Charles F. Dole; "The Hope of Immortality," "The Bow in the Cloud," "Mutual Service," Howard N. Brown; "Five Questions," "Imitators of God," "Father, Son, and Holy Spirit," "How Immortals live," Edward E. Hale; "Lessons from the life of Dorcas," "The Value of Ideals," "The Necessity and Value of Life in Common," Francis B. Hornbrooke.

A year of back numbers of the *Youth's Companion* offered by Mrs. Hollie Cook, Dade City, Florida.

Miss Isabel H. Farrington, State Normal School, Moorhead, Minnesota, offers Mr. Gannett's interesting little tract, called "Blessed be Drudgery."

REQUESTS.

Mrs. Adelia Towle, Olympia, Washington, would like a Natural History, "Old Curiosity Shop," and any of Miss Yonge's stories. She has three children, from fifteen to seventeen years of age.

I would like a Natural History, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, an Encyclopædia, and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I hope I am not asking for too much. Mrs. Ada Carey, Olympia, Washington.

I would be glad to have *any* of the following list of books: "She," Haggard; "A Castle in Spain," which was in *Harper's Monthly* for 1883,—would like either bound or *Harper* for that year; *Harper's Young People* for 1884; "Driven back to Eden," Roe; "The Oregon Trail," Parkman; "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," Barr; any of J. G. Holland's books. Music: "Spirit Waltz," "Peek-a-boo," "When the Leaves begin to Turn," or any other pretty musical waltz. Songs: "Scotch Lassie Jean," "Marguerite," "Under the Daisies," "Erin on the Rhine," "I'll remember you, Love, in my Prayers." Address Miss Blanche Tuck, Holloway, North Carolina.

I have been receiving *The Cheerful Letter* through a kind friend, and I am so thankful for it. I am a very poor shut-in, not able to buy reading; and I will be very thankful for Ray's "Higher Arithmetic." I will also greatly appreciate all the cancelled Columbian postage-stamps that you will send me. I am nearly helpless; and that is my only way of getting money to buy postage and stationery. I am not able to pay postage on them, but I will be very glad and thankful; for there is no library about here that I know of, and reading is very scarce, and it is a lonely place. I cannot express my heartfelt thanks to the kind friend who sends me *The Cheerful Letter*. I will be glad to receive letters, and will answer if postage is furnished. Love to all. In His Name, Margret Hamil, Floy, Alabama, De Kalb County.

I have just been reading one of *The Cheerful Letters;* and, seeing offers to send books and papers, I thought I would ask for some. I am too poor to subscribe now, but perhaps some one would send me some reading. I would like some good papers or magazines. There are one or two songs I would like. One is "The Bird with the Broken Pinion," "Sound Again so High," and one "Under the Daisies." I have two little boys, one twelve and one eight. They would like if some *Cheerful Letter* boy or girl would send them something nice. I would like to ask if any of the friends have a paper called the *Family Story Paper*, also "Uncle Tom's Cabin," hoping I am not asking too much. Address Mrs. Ada Fones, Olympia, Washington.

Dear Madam,—William, my oldest boy, would like a good work on book-keeping. He is twenty-one. The oldest girl, Alice, is eighteen. Maud is thirteen, and likes anything in the way of history, or Longfellow's or Tennyson's poetry. Carl is ten, and would be pleased very much if he could get a Natural History (old or new). Freddie is seven, and likes games and related facts and fables. Should you have any of Schiller's works in the original needing a reader, just be so kind and send it this way, as we (the people out here) are really starving mentally, unemployed eight months of the year, and you know the old saying,—that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." So I apply to you to keep us employed, please. Respectfully yours, S. C. Lange, Olympia P.O., Washington.

(Mrs. Lange also asks for an illustrated Astronomy, a book on Mineralogy, and Knox's "Boy Travellers in Europe."

Mrs. L. Cline, Packwaukee, Wisconsin, asks for books and pictures for her little Maud, seven years old.

Rev. T. Vaughan Davies, Salina, Kansas, would like to receive the *New World*.

Mrs. L. B. Pease, North Hudson, New York, says, "I would be very happy to receive a copy of any of Miss Alcott's books or of Marion Harland's, as they contain excellent reading for the young."

Miss Violet I. Cairus, Midland, Marquette County, Wisconsin, desires a copy of "Ben-Hur," offers the *Ladies' World* for 1893 in exchange for the *Housewife* of 1893, also the *Parish Visitor* (a monthly) of 1893 for the *Ram's Horn* of 1893. Some one please make exchanges, and oblige a lonely invalid.

Will some of *The Cheerful Letter* friends please send me the *Illustrated American* from June, 1893, to December, 1893, also after reading the *Review of Reviews* and the book "The Oriental Christ"? *The Cheerful Letter* is always a welcome visitor to us, and carries sunshine wherever it may go. I will pass them on to others. Mrs. Ella M. Hassinger, Nesbit, Logan County, Nebraska.

I would be glad to have the *Harper's Bazar* with pattern sheet after it has been read. I could make it very useful for fancy-work. Also would like Goethe's "Faust." I distribute my reading matter weekly or bi-monthly. I think your mission a beautiful one. Respectfully, Miss J. M. Shaver, Box 67, Albany, Missouri.

If any one has old copies of *St. Nicholas*, *New England Magazine*, or *Demorest*, I will be very grateful for them, also any of Pansy's books. Would like also any of George MacDonald's books, Charlotte M. Yonge's or Miss Muloch's. Address Mrs. Addie C. S. Engle, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Mrs. George Provençal, Newport, Vermont, asks for reading. She says: "I am a shut-in, and would like to join your band, though am unable to take the dear little paper. I have been unable to walk for eleven years, and, as my two children go to school, am alone all day."

Have not received "Stepping Heavenward" or "Knight of the Nineteenth Century," but have lately received Mrs. Barr's beautiful story of "Paul and Christina." Unfortunately, I know not whom to thank for it, as before the book reached me the wrapper had had been broken, and my address with the name of the donor, probably, torn off. Yours gratefully, H. E. M. Allen, Valparaiso, Nebraska.

Miss Rosella Dickey, for whom reading was asked in the October *Cheerful Letter*, has changed her address to Argos, Marshall County, Indiana.

Will you please remember through the winter a poor orphan girl, sick, without home or friends to care for her? I became acquainted with her while in the hospital. Her address is Miss Laura Winerabin, Greentown, Pike County, Pennsylvania. Please send her reading or any little remembrance. Can any one send me the book "Jupiter Lights," by Constance Fenimore Woolson. I would thankfully receive it. Florence A. Langley, West Levant, Maine.

The *Nation*, *Review of Reviews*, and reading matter in general have been asked for by Mrs. S. P. French, Peru, Berkshire County, Mass., and Mrs. D. Knox, Escondido, San Diego County, California.

Editor Cheerful Letter,— Please say to readers of paper that, if any of the readers have any of the books called "Our Little Hero," I will be very grateful for one to read, and will return same if required to do so, and not to send me any more story books, as I am getting a great deal of reading, and that the kind lady who sends me the *Outlook* will please send the same to Mrs. Icilina Strange, Baughman P.O., Webster County, West Virginia, who will be grateful for the paper. I truly thank kind friends for *Cheerful Letter* and all favors received. Yours, Francena Clifton, Addison, West Virginia.

I have received some paper-covered novels with no name or address attached, so of course I cannot thank the senders. I always thank people for favors, if I know whom to thank. Yours with best wishes, Clara A. Sheldon, Albion, Dane County, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Stephen Coale, 12 Groveland Street, Oberlin, Ohio, wishes to thank the unknown friend who sends her *The Cheerful Letter*.

I should be glad to receive the names and addresses of any or all the young girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty who read *The Cheerful Letter* or belong to a family where it is received. I ask this because sometimes I happen to have a number of copies of some little book or pamphlet story likely to interest a young girl, and, if I have a list of names, can send at once, without waiting to print the offer. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

My dear Miss Clarke,— I have been thinking for some time of writing to express my gratitude for the kindness shown me through *The Cheerful Letter* since the publication of my letter several months ago. I hope to be in time to wish you all "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year," at least.

I have been greatly cheered, indeed, by the pleasant letters received during the summer,—letters which have brought pleasant tidings to me from the outside world. One dear girl wrote of her visit to the wonderful "White City," and also of the different kinds of charitable work in which she is engaged. How cheering it is to know of the many kind and noble hearts that beat with sympathy for the afflicted ones, and of the strong and willing hands ever ready to work and help by writing cheering and helpful letters, sending reading and many other tokens of kindness, seemingly small in themselves, but how highly appreciated by the recipients! Through the kindness of these new friends, I have been able to finish my silk quilt, which I value highly on account of pleasant associations.

My mother's health has been very bad during most of the summer; but she is now much better, for which I am truly thankful. She has just commenced a new quilt for herself. She is very fond of sewing patchwork and knitting, and does not like to be idle.

I wish to thank all who sent me packages. I answered all letters, but some of mine met with no response. I also acknowledged all packages which contained address.

Being kept at home the entire summer, I found much pleasure in caring for my flowers, until the terrible drought set in, and they were burned up after all my work and care. Since then my only pastime has been reading, writing letters, and sewing.

I dread to see the long, dreary winter come, when it will be impossible for me to get away from home. 'Tis then, kind friends, I ask you to please not forget me, but think how much good your kind letters will do.

My hearing, I fear, grows more imperfect. Yet, there are others so much more afflicted than myself that I do not wish to complain. I wish I could do more for the poor "shut-ins." I send some reading, cancelled stamps, pieces, etc., as this is all I am able to do.

Now begging your pardon for my long letter, I close, wishing you all the blessings that God in his mercy may see fit to bestow upon you. Yours in His name, Mary H. Pittenger, Art, Clay County, Indiana.

Dear Christian Friends,—I am an invalid who knits lace at 25 cents per spool (you furnish the thread or the money to buy it). I have several pretty patterns, will send three samples for ten cents. I have also a silk quilt which I would like to sell, will not refuse a reasonable offer. I have been a member of the Shut-in Society four or five years, and an invalid six years. Will be thankful for orders. God bless you all! Mrs. E. Hance, Williamson, Wayne County, New York. I am truly thankful for reading.

I wish to thank the unknown friend who is so kind in sending me *The Cheerful Letter.* I enjoy it so much. I live with my widowed mother and invalid brother in a lonely country place, and would be much pleased with any kind of reading matter or wool suitable for a slumber-robe, to help pass the lonely days. Any color or quantity will help me. I injured my spine twenty-four years ago, when only eight years old, but was able to do light work until ten years ago, when I was laid prostrate with nervous prostration. I try to think that "He doeth all things well." I am a Shut-in and a King's Daughter. (Miss) Mary F. Lord, Hartland, Maine.

I have one year's numbers of *Kindergarten News,* which I would like to send to some young mother, or mother of some young children; and I have "Handy Andy," Lover, which I will send to any one who wants it; also a copy of "Lorna Doone," Blackmore. I take a goodly number of periodicals, and I wish I could exchange some of them with some one for the *Review of Reviews* and *Cosmopolitan.* I will send a list of what I have to exchange to any one who wishes it. I will also send a copy of *The Midget* to any little girl or boy. The editor of this little paper is only eleven years old. It is a temperance paper. Mary Craige Yarrow has made a collection of poems and short selections for the shut-in, which really ought to be in every afflicted person's hand. It is published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York. It is a beautiful book, and it is full of beautiful ideas, and is not too heavy for one to read when lying down. I am very much interested in a neglected school district, Warm Springs, Georgia, and would ask the readers of this if

they could not send Sabbath-school papers and kindred literature. I will send any one an address there if they will write to me with stamp for reply. There are nearly a hundred children there who have never been inside a Sabbath-school. Think of it, will you, ye privileged mortals, and lend a hand to help them. A friend of mine is founding a school there. Slate-pencils, crayons, etc., would delight the teachers. But I must stop writing, as this is long enough for my first appearance in Book Club, if I wish any favors. Yours sincerely, in His name, (Mrs.) Etta A. Brow, 1 John Street, Fall River, Mass.

What has become of the History Class? I was much interested in that, though I had no books to study, that I might answer any of the questions. It is the same with the Bible Class, and I dislike to write and ask questions which are probably answered in books every one is supposed to own. I have been looking for some one to offer the books Miss Clarke recommended.

(Perhaps the givers waited to have the books asked for. Miss Clarke offered some occasionally.—ED.)

My dear Mrs. Millet,—I am out in a wood camp, eight miles from post-office or town, with my two boys, trying to make ourselves and others comfortable for the long dreary winter, where we have no rent to pay or fuel to buy, which is a great relief to those of small means. Our cabin is cosey and warm; and to-day, being Thanksgiving, we feel that we have very much to give thanks for. To-day for dinner we had baked spare-rib, potatoes, white and brown bread, good sweet butter, mince-pie, coffee and cream, and for supper we had a frosted fruit-cake, or rather a pork cake, trimmed with candy, which was quite attractive, and pronounced good, light biscuit, cranberry sauce, cheese, pickles, and tea, and also cold tenderloin. I have two sons in their teens. The eldest takes care of and drives a team, while the youngest cuts my wood, brings me water, and helps me in various ways. He makes the beds, sweeps and dusts; and I manage the rest by sitting down to my work all I can as I am lame and out of health. There are three young men in our camp who are trying to pay their way by cutting wood. One is a German, and cannot read English, and would be so thankful for any good novels or papers printed in German. We are not near either church or school, and would be thankful for pictorial papers or a map or atlas of the world, as there are many stormy days during the winter which they spend indoors, and could profit by study.

We have been wishing for the "Gospel Hymns" or song books of any kind, either with or without notes. I should also feel grateful to receive letters from aged Christian people, as I am so very lonely in this dreary forest. I am yours lovingly, Mrs. Belle Blackey, Pelican Rapids, Otter Tail Co., Minnesota.

I will take this opportunity of thanking some kind friends for reading matter. As no name accompanied some of the papers and books, I could not thank them by letter. All those that were sent to me with the name on wrapper I thanked by letter. I have received several kind letters of late, but have been very ill, and could not answer until now. My crippled daughter has been sick, but is better now. She has received some beautiful cards, for which she is very thankful. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Mrs. E. Rowe, Melville, St. Landry Parish, Louisiana.

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,—I've wanted to thank you for some time for sending me reading matter, which I enjoy. Some I remail to friends who are not able to take reading matter. The rest I give to the poor people from the "Mountain Hollows," who come to town with chestnuts, fat pine, walnuts, chickens, turkeys, eggs, and anything they can get to sell or exchange for sugar, coffee, etc. Many poor creatures come begging, and the most pitiful objects I ever saw. I never saw such poverty in East Virginia as some from the Mountain Hollows. They live in abject poverty all the time, have no idea of thrift or cleanliness. They ask for papers with pictures to paste up, and seem so pleased when I can give them a magazine. I suppose some of their friends read them. I often wish I could give them something besides papers. I could give away lots of *soap* to great advantage, could I *teach* them to use it. This is a beautiful country, very many rich farms and beautiful homes. The climate is perfect, many mineral springs. But the poor people,

who live down between the mountains, have only little half-kept gardens, and, I suppose, hunt and fish, etc., don't know what work means, or the comforts of life. I have calls for papers nearly every day. I give them to countrymen who come in with carts and wagons. They seem very glad to get them. I have great faith in the paper mission. It was a great help to me with my large family. May God bless you in your work! I am all alone now with the baby-boy who goes to school. Yours truly in the faith, J. G. Quisenbury, Glade Springs, Virginia.

Having received the dear *Cheerful Letter* for November, and reading in it that you were to hold a meeting with those interested in the work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, I thought I would like to tell you how much I should like to meet with you if it were possible, and see all your dear faces; for I know how kindly they must be. Never in my life have I had so much kindness shown me as since I joined the Exchange. It is a great comfort to me. I have to work hard, having a large family in the winter, and getting not many leisure hours; but those I enjoy to the uttermost, reading and writing. As I am obliged to knit evenings, I prop my book up in front of me, and read and knit at the same time; and writing is a great pleasure to me. I wish I could step in, and speak a word of comfort to all the dear shut-ins. It makes me feel sad to think of all the sufferers there are in the world; and yet "our Father" must mean it all for some good and wise purpose. I think the sermon in the *Cheerful Letter* for November, "All Things for Good," is so comforting. God is love, indeed. If we love him, then we shall love everybody, and want to do them good. I am sure God will bless all these dear friends that I only know by letter in their efforts to do so much good to their fellow-beings. Their kind thoughts reach out much farther than they think. Yours sincerely, I. H. N., Mrs. C. E. Deuel, Trenton, New York.

AN AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

The interest which one of my cousins, who is an invalid, takes in anagrams, rebuses, enigmas, and other puzzles, has led me to wonder whether an amusement column would not be a good addition to *The Cheerful Letter*.

For this amusement column my idea would be to have the anagrams, etc., published one month, and the answers the next. Then I would have the column open to all the readers of *The Cheerful Letter*, in order that they might have the fun, not only of guessing the riddles themselves, but also of tickling the brains of others with puzzles they have made or heard. For I would not restrict this department to original contributions, since many an invalid may some time have been refreshed by losing thought of her own troubles in working her brain over some good old puzzle, which might prove an equal help to another.

I know that this amusement column would be an innovation in *The Cheerful Letter;* but it is on this account, if I may be so bold as to say it, that I have made the suggestion. For, though most of us enjoy poetry and all of us are helped by inspiring thoughts, there are also many of us who dearly like simply to be entertained. Consequently, I will open this new column of *The Cheerful Letter* by quoting an anagram I have lately heard. The blanks are to be filled in with words of five letters; that is, each word is to be made from the same five letters. But, of course, in each line the letters are to be differently arranged, so that they make different words:—

"He loves at coming of the fall
To scent the——of the pine,
To hear the——gently call,
And yield to nature's subtile charms.

But——son holds valor dear;
He——his passions with a curb,
His country's need is all his care,
His blood has——at war's alarms."

—*M. R. Case.*

[The difficulty is *want of space* in our little paper. Until we have so many subscribers that we can afford to make it larger, we must omit much that would be interesting. The editor agrees with the correspondent that a little amusement is a good thing, and would be an addition to the paper.]

It is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble, and meek persons; but he who can do so with the froward, wilful, ignorant, peevish, and perverse, hath true charity.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lip with the curve impatient!
Ah! brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

The artist is witness of the truth, or he will never attain the beautiful. So is the agriculturist, or he will never reap a harvest. So is the statesman, building up a nation's polity on the principles which time has proved true, or else all his work crumbles down in revolution. In every department of life, man must work truly,—as a witness. He is born for that, nothing else; and nothing else can he do. Man the Son can do nothing of himself, but that which he seeth God the Father do.—*Frederick W. Robertson.*

But, ah! when shall we return love for Love? When shall we seek Him who seeks us, and constantly carries us in his arms? When he bears us along in his tender and paternal bosom, then it is we forget him; in the sweetness of his gifts, we forget the Giver; his ceaseless blessings, instead of melting us into love, distract our attention, and turn it away from him.—*Fénelon.*

The extension of our own personality by sympathy is just another word for progress, such as is possible to us in this world, such as we hope for in another and brighter sphere.

Self-sacrifice is properly the choice of the highest, accompanied, necessarily, by a sacrifice of the lower.

There is no finer chemistry than that by which the element of suffering is so compounded with spiritual forces that it issues to the world as gentleness and strength.

Enjoying each other's good is heaven begun.

Love is of no value without a larger power of living in the experience of others.

Every effort made turns into pure strength.

Every-day life must be lived on the level of cheerful contentment.

To be faithful in darkness,—that is the supreme test to which the human spirit is subjected.

The life of the soul is the love that we give.

There comes a time when neither hope nor fear is necessary to a pious man; but he loves righteousness for righteousness' sake, and love is all in all. It is not joy at escape from future perdition that he now feels; it is a present rapture of piety and resignation and love,—a present that fills eternity. It asks nothing, it fears nothing: it loves, and it has no petition to make. God takes back his little child that has no fear, and is all trust.—*Selections from the Story of William and Lucy Smith.*

DIVINE COMPASSION.

Thou who life's path in human flesh hath trod,
And known the sorrows that assail the poor,
Hast wandered hungry from the sheltering door,
Footsore and weary, incarnate Son of God,
How must thy heart in tender pity seek
Communion with the soul beset with doubt,
And give thy angels charge to storm and rout
The myriad foes that overwhelm the meek,
Aiding the outstretched arm with strength indeed
To help the friendless and sustain the weak,
Touching with loving grace the lips that speak
Of hope and comfort in life's sorest need,
Till faith, that beacon light, shall shed her ray,
And heaven open on the pilgrim's way.

—*Harriet A. Stanton.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or Linden Place, Brookline, Mass.

EDITOR OF "CHEERFUL LETTER,"—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. J. B. Millet, 150 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals may be sent to the treasurer as above. The subscription is fifty cents a year.

Notice that requests for membership and for correspondents go to Miss Langmaid, our secretary; requests for books and offers of books, to Mrs. Millet; and to Miss Clarke only articles for insertion in the paper (not Book Club matter). All such material should be written on *one side only* of the paper, and sent by the first of the month *before* that in which it is printed.

Miss Ellen R. Dewson, Quincy, Mass., asks for names of subscribers to *The Cheerful Letter* who are willing to send off their copy of this paper to shut-ins or those not able to subscribe for it.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Ellen R. Dewson, Quincy, Mass. Please give full name and address. Many of our members take the paper, in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

Will all subscribers or receivers of *The Cheerful Letter*, whose copy does not come regularly, or comes not correctly addressed, be kind enough to notify Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

Send also all notices of *changes of address* to Miss Langmaid. Please do not send these notices to the editor, as it causes delay in the correction.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.— There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, February 2, at 25 Beacon Street, at 10.30 A.M. All who are interested are cordially invited to be present.

CORRECTIONS.—Mrs. D. Warner's address should be Grove, Geauga County, Ohio, not Granger County, as printed in December *Cheerful Letter*.

By some accident the following books were offered in the December *Cheerful Letter*, under the name of Miss Mattie E. French: "The Swiss Family Robinson"; "Appledore Farm"; "The Englishwoman in Egypt"; Wood's "Natural History"; "Microscope Teaching"; "The Barton Experiment"; "A Child's History of England"; "Practical Floriculture"; "The World on Wheels"; "Shakespeare" (in Literature Primers). Will the friend who did offer these books kindly send us her address again?

The editor calls the attention of readers to the following notices: —

We shall be obliged, in future, to print fewer letters or to shorten the longer ones by omission or curtailment. Will our correspondents kindly observe that a *short* letter may often be inserted when a *long* one must necessarily be postponed or omitted altogether? The letters interest us greatly; and we should be glad to print all, but it has become impossible. In writing, the points most important to mention are the number in a family, the ages of children, whether there are schools or libraries accessible or not, what magazines and books are especially desired (mentioning them by name); if religious literature, what denomination is preferred.

Our Book Club department has grown so large that we shall ask of all who, in the future, write to us for books, to send the name of some minister, as a reference; when possible, the minister of the church to which they belong.

Our object being more especially to give good books, we shall be obliged to omit requests for other articles. Such requests are often printed in the *Housewife* and in the papers of shut-in societies.

We have also found it best to omit requests for remembrances to be sent on birthdays.

Want of space obliges us to decline offers of original verses.

We frequently receive letters asking for pecuniary aid or its equivalent. To give such help as this is out of our power, and would alter the character of our society. In future, when such appeals are made to us, we shall endeavor to send the address of the writer to some one living in the same town, as a personal visit is the best means of meeting cases of actual necessity.